



Emily in Hell



👁 339 ✓ 19 ⭐ 43

Chapter 1 by Phantim

Emily was a teenager with her whole life ahead of her. Until she found that damned box. The demon took her mind, and hungered after her soul.

Many horrible things happened. Her home became a living hell.

Her family had to go for help. When finally they found the priest.

When the exorcism succeeded, a connection remained, so the girl turned the tables by possessing the demon and performing nice deeds in hell.

Chapter 2 by Harlander



Emily's altruism was not well-received. For a start, it was a theological conundrum that made a lot of demons' heads hurt. They didn't like this. They were the ones who were supposed to make people's heads hurt, and with fire and poky sticks, not peculiar religious arguments. (Though a few damned clerics were tormented in this way, it was an advanced field and these specialists were looked down on as wussy by more physically-oriented malebolges.)

See more of Story Wars

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[Login](#)
or
[Create new account](#)

messages on the divine answering machine and he was getting sick of it. He'd have to take matters into his own gigantic razor-sharp talons.

Chapter 3 by Phantim



He called his most powerful lieutenant Beelzebub.

"Bring that... abomination of a demon girl to me here at once!" Mr. Ciphre yelled at the demon. He hated demons. He was a fallen angel after all, better than these wretched beasts. He had tried to orchestrate a corporate takeover of Heaven Inc. a long time ago, but got shut down hard by the CEO. Since then he has been stuck working full time as the CEO of his offshoot company Hell LLC. It was tough work, but since he corrupted mankind causing the destruction and corruption of millions of souls... someone had to do it.

This... Emily was just giving him another headache in an already stressful work environment. He began to think even torturing Hitler wouldn't cheer him up today.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



But if God was difficult to get a hold of, well, Emily was just damned impossible. Everyone that Mr. Ciphre sent out to get their claws on the slippery girl came back with tales of addled brains, headaches, and new leases on life. He was reminded at present with the phrase "if you want something done right, you have to do it yourself". Even Beelzebub, of all the hellspawn, had disappointed him. What a time for his most powerful weapon to retire ("I need to spend more time with my maggots before they grow up," he explained, cracking his pitchfork in half and leaving the remains on his former bosses' desk).

Hell would freeze over before he asked one of his nincompoop underlings for assistance ever again. Pulling a fedora over his head and grabbing his pipe, he marched out of the office, secretly relieved for the short break.

He would be going on a little field trip.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

yearly hanging of Mussolini (everyone loved to see how long it would take for his brain to bleed into his feet), or to roast marshmallows over a pit of Eternal Suffering.

Chapter 5 by Animate



Mr. Ciphre skidded to a halt in the painful pebbles that made up most of the grounds in hell. Roasting marshmallows? In Hell? Sitting about a campfire, sharing stories. Using fire constructively for warmth instead of for torture? The very thought made Mr. Ciphre's stomach churn and tighten. Did this human, this Emily, have the power to affect one's thoughts at a distance? Just who was he dealing with here? No ordinary mortal. A fallen angel like himself or perhaps an agent of heaven in disguise?

But Mr. Ciphre remembered himself and took a deep breath of sulfur from a nearby lava chute to calm his nerves. "I will deal with this Emily even if it means enduring happy thoughts," he said to no one in particular.

And he continued on his way searching for the girl-possessed demon. He checked the flesh pits and the racks pinioned with the souls of the billions in agony but she did not turn up. He passed the rocks of woe where devils corralled the damned over a 1,000 foot precipice into the grand lake of fire and brimstone. He weeded through the lower demons and their childish antics of forcing the damned to eat their entrails on hot rocks only to have them spill out of open wounds. It was enough to bring a grin of absolute schadenfreude to the maw of any demon but Mr. Ciphre did not. His thoughts focused on finding the wayward girl and getting her back to where ever she came from. Then Hell LLC could continue as the Hell corporations did: by beguiling the souls of humanity into a life of vice in exchange for eternal damnation.

And then he found her in a spot best described as the most picturesque scene Hell could offer. She sat alone on a steaming red rock beneath a withered tree along the shore of a boiling black tar pit. Her clothing was nothing more than a simple white dress. Emily did not see his approach, but Mr. Ciphre saw her playfully click her heels against the rock and hum a happy tune, obviously enjoying her solitude.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Mr. Ciphre put his pipe away revealed his true form to Emily by stretching to his real of height of 69 feet and flexing his once angelic, now skeletal wings, to their fullest extent. He roared with enough force to start a hurricane, all to put the fear of all damnation into her soul.

"Insignificant maggot," he shouted, "you have incurred the wrath of Hell's grand Pontifex. Now feel the wrath of a thousand suns as I shackle your feet in heated iron and throw you ragged over a field of fiery coals. Never again shall you breath air. Here only will you taste the bitter..."

And here he stopped in his grand liturgy, for the girl had not responded to his threats. Her face was a blank, and he couldn't sense and iota of fear in her soul.

"Please," Emily said. "You're like the fifth demon who started with that overblown routine. It's really starting to get old, man."

Mr. Ciphre closed his terrifying jaws of sharp slathering teeth and fell silent. Silence reigned in Hell aside from the faint screams heard off in the distance.

Chapter 6 by SaintSayaka



He had never been questioned before. Why would anyone? You were in Hell, you were powerless, and demons were hovering over you like ornaments. What made this girl so brave?

"What makes me so brave," she said, as if reading his mind (and maybe she did), "is the fact that I'm not scared of any of this. You exercise control over people with your fear, Mr. Ciphre, is that right? Is that why you couldn't get your wife to stay? Is that why you stay up at night, secretly wondering if your child is happier in Heaven than here? If she really even *liked* seeing Mussolini hanged by his heels?"

With every word, Mr. Ciphre grew smaller and smaller, until he was at regular size, a little less than that, a mere quivering maggot on the ground...Emily approached him slowly and with stealth, now more confident than ever. The sound of her heels against the molten rock brought images of Lilith flooding back into Mr. Ciphre's head like a floodgate. Every insignificant

memory of her seemed larger than life now. Against his own will, he began to cry. Emily knelt by his side.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"It's not too late to repent," he said, "I want to stay with you, but I hear that Heaven has excellent child visitation laws."

Chapter 7 by Windlion



"You, you cannot do this," he whimpered. "If you bring all of Hades to repentance and joy, there will be Hell to pay. What will become of humanity, when there is no threat of damnation to restrain their behavior?"

Emily reached out and took his hand in hers. "Dear Mr. Ciphre, please don't think I fail to understand the hard work you have done here to punish people who have done wrong in their lifetimes. The unfortunate thing is that after, gee, three thousand years? It's not working. Your way is not convincing them to avoid doing evil, and often seems to be coaxing them to it."

"I know. I'm. I wish I was sorry. Maybe I am sorry. It has been ugly, soul-destroying labor in a toxic workplace, unsafe conditions ... but is there another way?" He looked up into her eyes, pleading.

"Of that I am not sure," she replied. "If God would just answer the voicemail, perhaps we could know for sure. But in the meantime," she smiled and leaned forward to give him a kiss on the cheek, "why don't we make Hell a happy place and find out?"

Write a draft for the last chapter (1 draft)

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account